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A Story of Southern Life

AT PANOLA

BY STELLA WARFIELD MUNCE.

AUTHOR OF "COLONEL CARRODINE'S DAUGHTER," "PHEME'S BABY," ETC. "My darling, I know you must be worn out, I will send Dorine with a glass of wine," and my husband kissed me tenderly, then left me alone

with my thoughts. I had just come with him from the cold North to his warm Southern home, and I longed to stretch out my arms to his children and tell them how I could love them for their dear father's sake; but it was late when the boat stopped at the landing where the willow trees hung their heads till they dipped into the yellow waters of the Mississippi; the old colored driver was dozing on the carriage, for he rubbed his eyes vigorously when my husband called his name, and when I was comfortably ensconced in the roomy, musty smelling vehicle, a feeling of longing for the bright home I had left came

surging up in my heart. "Welcome to Panola!" John said, as we drove in through the wide arched gateway and under the tall trees where the long moss swept against the windows, and swayed and nodded in the white moonlight; John had his arm around me, and as the carriage stopped with a jerk, he pushed open the door and I looked curiously at the low, rambling structure, built high above the damp earth, which in future I was to call

The broad stone steps were cracked and moss-grown, so that I had to lean on my husband's arm to keep from slipping, and I started as the heavy door opened with a creaking noise, and an old, very old, yellow woman, with a face like parchment, courtesied again and again; I looked beyond, but saw nothing of bis two children, and wondered if they would not bid us welcome. I thought I noticed a shade of disappointment pass over John's kindly face, but he said nothing, only looked down in my eyes as we followed the old woman with the light and asked gently. "Will my little bird be happy in my nest—do you thirk I can make you happy, Ellis?" And I requested his big, strong hand silently, and he seemed quite satisfied with that mode of an-

When he left me slone in that great eerie room where the canopy bed looked in the dim light like dark chasms, I felt singularly nervous and almost sprang from my chair as I saw the door swing softly open: but the next moment I felt ashamed of myself, as it was only the old yel-low woman, Dorine, with a waiter of things for me. She set it down on the carved rosewood table and brought a wax candle in a silver candlebra, which shed a soft light on the pretty painted china and quaint chased silver dishes. Then, as I threw off my bonnet and loosed my furs, for even there in the South the January nights are cold and penetrating, she rested her skinnyl hands on her hips and her dull, lead-colored eyes fastened themselves eagerly on my face.

"You'se moughty putty, honey, wid all dem yaller curls roun' you' face! You puts me in min' o' Marse Ing'am Clephane's secon' wife; Marse Ing'am 'uz Marse John's grampaw-dat 'uz long time ago I rekin!" and she showed two long, fang-like teeth in an unpleasant smile; then she reached out and softly laid her hand on mine, so that a little shiver of disgnst passed over me. "Marse John moughty kin' man; nussed him wen he uz er baby, but dat don' holp yo' none-dem leetle white han's o' yo'ne is too much like Madam Clephane's. Ain' yo' nuver heerd dat no Clephane cyarn ma'y twice?" and she bent her head till her eyes were close to

"Why not, Dorine!" I asked, impulsively. "Case dee's er cuss," she whispered, hissingly, "whut comes on de secon' wife; I'm a gwine ter tell yo' bout hit case I'se 'feared ter go ter my grabe wid hit a layin' on my conshunce;" here she paused and listened intently for a moment while I lifted a glass of wine to my lips; the warm juice of the grape seemed to send strength to my chilled body and, though at first I had shrunk from this hideous old woman, now I leaned back comfortably in my chair and watched ber from under my half-closed lids; she possessed a strange fascination for me, doubtless because she was so different from our conventional servants in the North, so I said, "Go on!" and she began to talk eagerly, her cracked

"Marse John know all bout de cuss, but he don' b'lieve lu nuttin' like dat, en w'en I axed Miss Sa'ab ter write en baig him ter 'member hit she jes' 'low I mus' ted' ter my own bizness, en das ail I could git out er her. Marse Ing'am Clephane he libbed right hyah in dis room en he 'uz alluz specious en kin' o' kep' hisse'f ter bis-se'f en nobody dassent come a nigh him 'cepin' Miss Sybil-she 'uz he fus' wife's sister en she sot er heap o' sto' by Marster. He keep' he two chillun off at school en Miss Sybil kep' house fur him. Gemmen! she 'uz high! wid her coalblack hyah en dem beeg eyes o' hern, en time en agin I seed her come en stan' by Marster en twis' he hyar roun' her finger, den he'd kotch her han' in his'n en hol' hit dah 'thout sayin' er word. Marster's han' 'uz white, like er 'oman's

"Marse Ing'am done said he 'uz gwine down ter N'y'orleens en we'n he come back he say he 'uz gwine't breng somepin' fur Miss Sybil, den he laff fit ter kill hiss'f. Marster 'uz moughty pu'tty man w'en he laff, en Miss Sybil she thunk so, too. Well, wen he come back Miss Sybil she 'uz a pacin' up en down de long gal'ry wid her raid cloak wropped roun' her, en her eyes jes' a shinin' like fire-coals. I seed de cy'age comin' up wid Marse Ing'am in hit, en den I seed him holpin' out er leetle lady wid long yaller hyar en beeg brack eyes en Marster

en jes' ez sof' ez er baby's.

"Sybil, dis am my wife, Madam Clephane; in the direction she pointed and saw, smiling so that I drew back with a scream. yo' know I promised ter breng yo' home some down from the tarnished frame, the most cruelly "It is only Pasha's way," Jack Is

"Miss Sybil she get whiter en de marble steps, but she helt out her han' en say, 'Yo' air mos' welcome, Madam Clephane.' "Somehow I knowed Miss Sybil hated de Madam, en 'pear like Madam know hit too, fur she dropped her eyes en her leetle mouf uz a tremblin', do' she let Miss Sybil shake her han' en den marster pit he arm roun' her en say, 'Yo' air tired, darlin'; yo' will 'scuse us, Sybil, but my

wife's er dilicate leetle flower,' en den he follered "I 'uz getherin' up de bags en ban' boxes, but I kep' a-lookin' at Miss Sybil, en Gawd! de way dem eyes o' hern 'uz a-lookin' arter my po' Madam! hit made me feel kin' o' creepy all ober;

den she clutched dem fistises o' hern tergyedder "'Cuss yo' Ing'am Claphane! Gawd in heaven euas yo' en yo' secon' wife!' en fum de way I felt de blood cardlin' roun' my beart, I knowed de cuss done fell fas' on de Madam.

"I 'uz her maid, en ebery day I 'ould bresh out her long yaller hyar en den fix hit in er loop on top er her haid like Marster lubbed ter see hit; den he'd pin a raid rose in her dress agin her white naik, en dem two 'ould walk in de gyarden en f'um time ter time yo' could hyah Marster laff like he 'uz pintedly tickled 'bout

"But Marster had ter leab de Madam er heap ter herse'f while he 'uz out on de plantation, en she kin' o' tuk er fancy fur walkin' by de by'er a singin' ter herse'f; den in de ebenin' w'en I 'uz ondressin' her she'd whisper, 'I hyah de waves, Dorine, lappin', lappin', closte unner my winner: dee air comin' ter git me-oh, Dorine, don' yo' hyah 'em a-clamerin' fur me en Sybil's aaughin' so loud!' en she'd clutch at me wid her cetle thin han's, en her cheeks a-burnin' like

"Wen I seed how onres lessen narvous she uz gittin', I set dah wid her twel marster come, en 'fo' de mawnin' broke her lettle baby done come en she had ter hab hit layed up long side o' her, wid marster ez proud ez er peacock.
"I nuver seed much o' Miss Sybil, but I

knowed hit went moughty hard wid her ter see

de madam in sich good sperits wid de fines' baby dee done been in de fambly vit. "Marster use ter come en sit side de Madam's oaid en 'pear like he lub her so he don' wan' ter git out o' her sight; she 'uz ve'y pale en thin, but seem like she 'uz tho'ly satusfied en gittin' betier eense Miss Sybil nuver come in de room, but es' sent ter ax how she wuz. W'en she 'uz abie ter git about agin Marster use' ter cyar' ber out on de gai'ry en den I come long totic' de baby en she'd look out yander at de by'er whar de water 'uz frettin' hitse'f agin' de lebby, en sometime I seed her look away, case her eyes 'uz brim full o' tears; Marster nuver seed 'em, she

autt'nly wuz happy case she knowed Marster set all de sto' in de worl' by ber. "One day wen Marster uz away Madam say she feel so strong dat she gwine't walk 'long de lebby an she tol' me to wrop up de baby en gib him ter her. I uz p'intedly troublous ter see her a goto' all by herse'f, but she say she jes' wan' ter see how far she kin go, en she worn't 'eared by herse'f. I seed her walkin' closte ter le by'er lookin' down in de brack water, en l 'cluded to foller long hin' her, so'st ef she got tired I'd take de baby; but jes den I hyah'd somebody a callin' me en Miss Sybil come out on de gal'ry en say I mus' ten' ter somepin' in de house. Gemmen! w'en Miss Sybil guv her

awders don' nobody dar' go agin' em; so I lef' de Madam out dah to herse'f. led roun' in de house and pit things ter this ex brief ex I could, 'case I done kotched glimpse o' Miss Sybil a walkin' down de leetle

## MINNEHAHA POLKA.



Repeat from the beginning to S

paf ter de lebby whar I knowed de Madam wuz: howsumedever, I seed her come back agin en yit I ain seed nuttin' o' de Madam en time I gotter gittin' skeerd. Miss Sybil come ter me wid her long raid cloak flyin' roun' her, en she say:
"'We mus' look for yo' Mistis—she done been gone too long!

"We hurried down ter der by'er de way I sed Madam go, but Miss Sybil she kep' in front all de way. W'en we come whar de willers growed out in de water en de vines 'uz creepin' like snakes, I seed her th'ow her han's en she guv en screech; my heart had done jumped up in my th'oat, en 'uz beatin' so fas' I couldn't sca'cely see, but I knowed Miss Sybil 'uz stannin' out on er willer lim' lookin' down in de water en dah wuz de Madam wid all her long, yaller hyar tan-gled up in de vines en de baby layın' close up ter her breas'; but bofe on 'em 'uz stiff and dead. 'Peared like ter me hit ez cur'us de way Madam'us kotched in dem rushes, but she look so peaceful en cam like, I knowed hit 'uz de bes" fur her en dat leetle baby o'hern. Miss Sybil she sent out Unc' Jesse, en twixt us cyard 'em en layed 'em out on dis ve'y baid; den Marster come home en he nuver said nuttin' but shet hisse'f up wid de po' lettle Madam, en when he come out er dat room he hyar 'uz whiter 'en de

The old woman drew a long breath and glanced anxiously around the gloomy room as if in fear of listeners. "And where is Sybil?" I questioned eagerly. Dorine pointed above me.

I could not repress a startled cry as I looked

utiful face I ever looked "Dey cyarn' git dat picter down 'thout tar'in' -hits fastened in," she whispered. "But she is dead?" I asked. "She must be dead, it is so long ago! How old are you, to know so much so far back!" And I looked at her shriveled face and deep-set eyes; but she seemed to draw away from my searching glance and only said, in a more matter-of-fact manner: 'I'se er ole 'oman, ma'am-I gwine ax yo' pardon fur speechifyin' so much en' ef yo' please, ma'am, don' tell Marse John nuttin' bout ole Dorine's talk; he don' like sich doin's en --- " she held up her hand warningly as the door opened

and my husband came and asked me if Dorine had made me comfortable. I could have told him that Dorine had made me somewhat uncomromise to the old woman so I smiled up in his dear face and he drew my head on his breast and told me how he wanted me to be the happiest woman in the world in my new home, and when I looked around again Dorine had gone, but the cruel eyes of the woman in the picture seemed to sink into my very heart. All night I dreamed of the rushing of many waters, and woke mosning and crying to find myself in my husband's strong arms.

"Oh, John, I am so glad you are here-no one can burt me now;" and he laughed and said: "Of course not, you little goose! You must be dreaming bad dreams—the fatigue of traveling has been too much for you, darling."

"But your children, John, will they dislike me? I want to make them love me. I want to be a mother to them." I whispered anxiously, and then I shuddered as I saw in the dim moonlight Sybil's eyes fastened upon me while a weird mile seemed to illuminate the dark face.

"Why, my little one," John said, and I knew he ing, "Sara is twice as tail as you and looks a great deal older; I am afraid you wil have to content yourself with being a sister to "Isn't there a little boy!" I questioned, tim-

"Yes-Jack-only be is not such a very little boy; he is sixteen, and seems much older in some ways-you are choosing a strange time for discussing my family, are you not, my little

John said lightly, but seeing my nervous hu-mor he kindly talked to me till I grew quiet again, and I woke with a start to find the bright sunshine streaming through the slits in the Venetian blinds, and Dorine standing at my bedside with a tiny cup of coffee. The warm light of day seemed to have ban-

ished all the gruesome fancies of the night be-fore, and I smiled as I looked at the old woman's drawn and wrinkled face which had seemed so repulsive to me at first. When I had brushed the tangles out of my curling hair and dressed myself in a soft clinging morning gown my husband tapped at the door with a cluster of roses

"How lovely," I cried; "and in winter, toohave we a green-house, John!" "We don't need green-houses in the South darling; we always have the flowers and the unshine-don't you think our Southern land is "In more ways than one." I said gaily, as

pinned the roses against my bosom. "Our roses never die," John said softly, "an our women never grow old—to their husbands."

"A wise clause," I laughed; "and certainly all that a woman should ask is to be ever young to He led me through the wide inlaid halls, and shing back the heavy portiones I found myself in the breakfast room where my two step-child-

ren waited to greet me. Sara came forward-beautiful Sara-but I involuntarily shrunk back as she stretched out a slender jeweled hand; she was the counterpart of the woman in the picture, and though I tried to say something pleasant in answer to her cold welthe words and the not come and she must

thought me stiff and ungracious. I was so abstracted that I hardly noticed Jack, who I know now was loved by his father above all other earthly possessions, and when I took my place at the head of the table my hand trembled so that I spilled the coffee over the white damask. No one seemed to observe it, and I shrank further behind the tall silver urn while my hus-band questioned his children about the neighbors and the neighborhood in general, and told funny little incidents of our journey home. John's profession necessarily took him from home a great deal, and, when he said to me, after breakfast, "Now, my tittle Ellis, I must go and see all my patients to-day; they think I have left them too long;" I nodded my head cheerfully and helped him on with his things, so that he would not see the tears that would come in my eyes at the prospect of staying there all day without him. I stood on the long porch listening to the faint echoes of his horse's hoofs, when Jack came and took possession of me-took me to see the keunels where a half dozen savage-looking dogs stood tugging viciously at their chains; then showed me the stables and the doctor's favorite horse. A powerful black beast stood on its hind legs and plunged forward as we went in. "It is only Pasha's way," Jack laughed; "he

Saras nors "But can she ride-that?" I gasped. "Oh yes; Sara goes in for that sort of thing; likes dangers of any description; though," he added carelessly, "her woman's nature crops out

in a storm; then she shricks and covers up her head just like other girls." But I thought as I looked at his slender, sensitive face and large soft eyes that he should have been the girl, and something in the turn of his head and his bright chestnut curls, reminded me of my husband, so that then and there my heart went out to Jack and we were the best of friends. That night as Sara sat before the warm wood fire, with her slender feet resting on the brass fender and her white hands clasped round her kness, Jack came softly behind and put his hands over her eyes; I thought she would fling them aside in anger, and I wondered that ne dared to offer ber familiarities; but she only laughed a little, and throwing her arms around his neck drew his pale face down close to her own warm cheek. I was surprised to see how all the coldness had melted from her face, and how soft her eyes could be as she caressed his bright curls. husband was reading his letters and he had brought one for me, but while I held it open before my face I could only watch those two and wonder if they knew how I longed for their love and confidence, and if they did know would they

Jack seemed to divine my thoughts, and, loosening Sara's clasp, knelt down on the rug at my feet, saying cheerily: "Can't you tell us what you are thinking about, little mother?

The doctor looked up with a pleased smile, and I felt all the color mounting to my cheeks at this unexpected name; my heart beat so high in my throat that I could not speak and my eyes were full of tears. I wanted to clasp the boy to my heart and tell him how I longed to be a real mother to him; how I would like to make my step-children my very own, but Sara's cold eyes were fixed upon me, stopping the unspoken words on my lips, and all that I could say was:

"I was thinking of-of home."

"Is not this your home, Ellis?" my husband's roice sounded close to me. "You have no other home now, little wify!" and he threw his arm ound my shoulder and I laid my cheek against his breast, while Sara left the fireside and glided from the room. Jack had a beautiful tenor voice, and in the long evenings we sung together, my husband leaning back in his easy chair, listening approvngly, and Sara in her favorite attitude before

the fire, her eyes looking into space; often after John had gone to lie down and Sara had left us alone we still looked over the old songs in the music rack, or I played a bar or two quite late, while we had lingered the piano, and the wind was howling round the house and dashing the rain against the window panes. Jack had found a treasure hidden among the music pages, and spreading it out before him touched the keys tenderly and sung, "Jeaunette," that most plaintive of songs. The soft, sad music rose and fell like a requiem, and Jack sang on forgetful of everything else till the last note trembled and died away, and as the words fell on my ear,

"You have tangled my life in your hair, Jeannette! omehow I thought of that dead Madam Clephase, with her long yellow hair tangled among The fire on the hearth had crumbled into nes, and as I heard the meaning of the wind I huddered at the idea of traversing that dark, winding hall alone, yet I hated to acknowledge

my weakness to Jack, and I saw him take his candle and go to his room with only a cheery

Out in the inlaid hall the brass lantern swinging from the ceiling shed a dim and fitful light on the floor. I stood under it for a moment, looking cautiously around, and then feeling that my fears were foolish I hurried into the darkness. It seemed to me that I was ages in that gloomy passage, though it was only a few yards; and the noise of my own feet slipping against the waxed wood made me start and tremble nervously; as I flitted past the tall statues sunk in their shadowy niches I saw some-thing that made my heart stand still for very terror; a figure in filmy white glided toward me; now disappearing in the darkness, now coming out in the dim light, my knees shook so that they knocked together and my hands felt like ice. It was a woman I knew, but who-who had any business in that hall at that hour of the night? Nearer it came and I shrank close against the wall, but my heart beat so loud that feared it would find me out; something-a gust of wind perhaps—set the great brass lanterns to swinging wildly, and the long rays of light lit up the woman's face as her gown almost touched my feet. I covered my eyes, and with a suppressed ery ran madly past the white shape, flying swiftly to my own door, where I fell moaning and groping for the knob. My husband flung open the door and picked me up in his strong arms, while I cried, "Sybil—Sybil—she is coming-I saw her!"

"My own darling, you are safe-nothing can hurt you here," he said, forcing some wine down my throat and chafing my cold hands, What has frightened you, Ellist Who has tol you of Sybill" and then I poured forth the confused story old Dorine had told me and whispered to him of what I had seen.

"Is she alive?" I questioned. He took my hand in his and said very gravely, "My dear child, she died years ago-she cannot hurt you now-but I must speak to Dorino, she has presumed too much," and a gleam of an ger shot from his blue gray eyes. I felt safe there with him and I begged him to spare his old servant, as she had meant no harm; besides I did not care about letting the others know what a coward I had been, so we agreed to say nothing about it; and I promised to be braver in future, though after that I noticed that my husband always waited for me at night. Once more the sunlight came to dispel my spectral llusions and I would not own, even to myself, that I felt a good deal shaken by my last night's

Life flowed on very quietly at Panola. John was away all day and visitors were rare; so that Jack took all the responsibility of amusing me upon his own shoulders; and often, as he sat on a low stool at my feet while I told him of the frozen North, where the snow was so deep that it could bury me, and the ice so thick it could be built into a house, I caught Sara watching us from under her beavy white lids and she reminded me more and more of cruel Sybil. From my back window I could see the golden Mississippi foaming and fretting against its banks, and though the leves seemed high and strong I thought John looked a little anxious when I asked him if there was any danger.

"There is the only thing to be feared," he said ointing to the treacherous bayou where poor Madam Clephane had met her death, and which now gleamed and writhed like a poisonous snake. "If the river should rise suddenly the backwater will swell the bayou, and if there is a weak spot in the levee there will be a great deal of damage done; but you will be safe, little woman—don't turn so white!—this house was built for high water, and the river cannot reach

I declared I was not afraid, though I felt my heart sink down, down, down, when he told me he would have to go across the river on busines, and might stay a day or two. "You are a brave little wife," he said proudly, s I made a poor attempt to conceal my per

your little hands look like baby hands." "I am strong, though," I said confidently. have plenty of muscle!"

He laughed and drew me down on his knee, and said I was only a little child; but when he held me close to him and told me good bye, he whispered, "Take care of the children, Ellis, take As if I could take care of a big fellow like Jack!

But I felt flattered, nevertheless. It was a heavy, sultry day, and I stood looking at the white boat steaming out into the river and list ening to the distant plashing of the wheel as sect foam sprays out behind. As I stood there, I saw Jack with a gun his shoulder tramping along by the bayou, and the sharp crack of his breech-loader told me that some poor flying thing had fallen a victim

The air grew thicker and hotter, and I noticed great livid clouds banking themselves against the horizon; now and then an ominous peal of distant thunder came rolling and rumbling nearer and nearer, and Sara crept close to my side, her face as white as her dress, and her long black bair clinging in damp masses to her forehead. Suddenly a sound, sharp and quick. like a rifle shot, brought me to my feet, and I

saw the black clouds rifted by a flash of light that seemed to open into God's king-dom itself; for a moment after I could not see, and my head spun round and round; then all was clear again; and I saw Sara lying face downward on the sofa; I thought she was hurt, but she motioned me away when I came near her; so I stood and watched the rain, which now came in white sheets of foam, whirl ing and dashing against the windows. As I stood there, fascinated by the lightning, which flared up like tongues of fire in the darkening sky, it seemed to me that a familiar voice at my elbow said, "Take care of Jack!" I started and looked around, but only Sara lay quietly on the sofa, and I thought my ears must

Then I remembered how I had seen Jack walking away by the bayon, and my husband's warning came to me just as a terrible noise rose like the bellowing and roaring of mad bulls, and far off up the level road I could see a waving mass of foam creeping nearer and nearer every

"Jack!" I gasped, wildly; "he is out there in the storm! Oh, John, John, I have not kept my promise! I have not taken care of your boy! And I looked despairingly out at the distant bayou leaping and sparkling between its banks, but rising higher and higher. I rung the bell furiously, and old Dorine hobbled in, her teeth chattering with fear. "Oh, Miss Sa'ah, I ain' seed sich a stawn sence de Madam died—oh, Miss Sa'ah!" she whimpered

'Where are the servante?" I asked, hoarsely -"Ben, Ammon and the rest-where are they? "Gone 'crost de by'er in de fiel's." she mut-

I felt all the blood rushing away from my heart as she spoke. The bayou ran through my husband's plantation, and now we were cut off from everyone-we three-this feeble old woman and Sara and I. I wrapped a long cloak round me and over my hair for I felt determined to prove mysel

worthy of my busband's trust, and taking the key of the boat-house, I hastened down the slippery steps, out across the rain-soaked yard. I felt that I must get across the bayou and send some one to look for Jack. Blinded by the rain, I fumbled with the great

key till finally it grated in the lock and the door swung open. I selected a pair of stout oars and waded through the mud to the levee, where a skiff was tied and now swayed madly by the current, it sugged and rattled the rusty iron chain. Something behind me came splashing through the wet reeds, and I could scarcely repress a cry of astonishment when saw Sara, wrapped in a long, red cloak, her dark eyes staring hopelessly at me; and even in that awful moment I remembered that Sybil wore such a cloak, and her cruel face rose between Sara and me. But I could not but pity her when she took her place in the boat and said, sadiy, "I could not wait at home-you know Jack was all I had!"

She held the chain till I could crawl into the skiff; then it slipped through the iron ring and we were at the mercy of the current; our little bark spun round and round, and Sara's strong, white fingers grasped the oar till it bent like a reed against the pressure of the water, then we righted ourselves and shot out into deep water, swiftly, silently, down to the river. Slender saptings lifted their heads in front of us, but we burried past them, and sometimes po vines trailed across our boat as we sped down The river was spreading wider and wider, and

as we flew beneath the bending willow trees we saw the negroes in the quarters making for their flat boats, and, though we called and waved to them, they either could not or would not see us. On each side of us tall trees were spreading their branches, and the long black moss brushed now and then against our white faces. The rain had ceased falling, but the air was thick and heavy, and as I looked before me at the huge black logs lying in the whirling water and the stimy crawling things running on the tree trunks, I thought with a thrill of fear of dead Madam Clephane caught there among the rushes.

"You loved him, too," Sara said, suddenly breaking the awful stillness. "Oh Jack, Jack —my brother!" she cried bitterly, while tears ran down my face: and for the first time I felt that Sara was a woman and had a heart like other people. I could not speak my sympathy, but I think she saw it shining in my eyes. Then suddenly she dropped her oar and !cant for-ward whiter than death itself—We had come to a part of the bayou where the waters were too deep to fathom, and where the willow branches awayed and dipped far down below the surface, and there, high up on an end of a log which peeped out above the water stood Jack's dog, cowering, and moaning, and pawing at something white that floated among the willows. I heard a mighty roaring in my ears, and I stretched out my hand to feel, then I fell senseless in the bottom of the boat, and knew no more till I woke in a room at home with my shand bending over me, forcing something be At first I forgot why I was there: then it all

ame back to me, and I raised my tre

hands to my eyes, crying "Jack!-Jack! Poor John! Oh, I tried to take care of him, John!" My husband soothed me gently and told me I was the bravest little woman in the world, and when I tried to speak he only laid his hand on my lips till I was strong enough to sit up; then they opened the blinds, throwing in a flood of light, and I heard a voice that set my heart to beating quickly, saying: "Little mother, look up—here's old Jack in the 'flesh!" And I gave a joyful cry as Jack stood by the bed. Sara told me afterward how she www hi

struggling to get hold of a stout willow twig and how she called to him to give him strength and conrage. Somehow she got the boat close to aim and he and Retriever crawled in and lay there faint and sick, till far up the bayou Sara saw a skiff coming; and when it got closer she saw her father sitting in the stern. He had gotten home sooner than he expected; and had come sat to look for us all. I was still so weak that I could not move, and they were all so kind to me that I think I en-joyed being an invalid. I noticed that I was

not in my own room and they told me that dur-ing the storm the picture of Sybil had fallen from its niebe and had been shattered into "An' so dat takes off de cuss." Dorine whis-

When I was well enough to get up, Sara and Jack and my dear, thoughtful husband escorted me to my own room, where the most wonderful change had taken place; all the old heavy furniture was gone and the loveliest carved rosewood and gilt had taken its place; flowers clustered in the china vases and flowers were painted on the wail; and above the mantel in the and made my flesh ereep, my own face smiled own, only so very much prettier.

"From a photograph, my little one!" John roudly explained, and it all seemed so much ike a dream that I let him fold me in his arms, where I cried for very joy.

My life at Panola was changed like my room and all the dark and gloomy fancies passed away like muddy waters, leaving the green buds beneath, and I often wondered how it was that Sara had ever reminded me of Sybil, only

One evening as we sat together she came and knelt by my side. "Little mother," she whispered, "I have a confession to make—do you believe in ghosts!" And then it all flashed through my mind that Sara had frightened me the night I thought I

saw Sybil, and to spare her the pain of confessing I said, "No. I have never seen a ghost." But you thought so once? "I thought a great many things, dear Sara, hose days, when I first came here, but now know that my foolish fancies have been fanned away by your love, and I am happier than I ever amed of being."

Then, as we silently kissed each other, the colden sunshine fell brightly athwart our faces, and the smell of the cape jasmine came through the open windows of my beloved Panola. The Very Latest Cosmetic.

Every woman who has stepped beyond the barrier of age defined by her teens remembers

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

rividly, sensations connected with her first wrinkle. The initial and almost indiscernible line that time spins across an elastic skin is fine and delicate as a gossamer thread, and for months remains a profound secret to all save its owner's heart and mirror. No one except the woman herself knows when age throws

out its first survey of territory that no mortgage nor title can ultimately withhold, for when the honest sun confesses the monster's claim she develops resources hitherto undreamed of. As a rule, the hateful web falls first around the eyes, and runs in an irregular net-work on both sides of the lips. It is said that Mrs. Langtry has at last discovered a sure preventive of these infinitessimal wrinkles, supposed to be fatal to the fairest, silkiest skin in the unequal climate of America. It seems that a wandering American who had lived many years in Persia and had lately succumbed to the promptings of home-sickness was brought to sail and drifted into ickness was brought to call and drifted into alk of the manners and customs of that Eastern and. Incidentally he mentioned that the Persian women ward off wrinkles by applying uncooked veal to their faces, and no sooner had he shut the front door than one of the footmen was on his way to the nearest ment shop. There he procured several broad, thin strips of yeal, and Mrs. Langtry, giving orders for "not at home" to every one, retired to her chamber, disposed berself on the lounge, and, with her countenance read to sleep by her maid. Ever since then she has, throughout all her travels, gone through this performance twice a week, and finds her skin unfurrowed by any new insignia of the ng years. Age, of course, is inexorable out veal, it appears, will postpone the evil day.

Philadelphia North American. Harparet Mather as his Juliet. They have just of the shadow of

got back to town after a tour which beg were at odds. The first fallic occurred before they had been ing mimic lovers for a week. Mather is said to have thereupon declared war. She would make his experience as her stare lover quite the opposite of what it seemed to be to the audience. Paulding is a mild-mannered, good-natured sort of a fellow, and not at all the man to fight back against a woman. It is declared that night after night she placed a number of pins in her Juliet costume, so that when he, as Romec, had to warmly embrace her, he was bound to scratch his hands. It was her habit, too, to hang her head on his bosom, while seeming to recline ever so gently, so that the breath was knocked out of his lungs, and his elocution was thereby ruined. Another genious device of the actress was to plant to heels of her slippers on his toes, knowing the they were very rich with corns, and thus torthing him with her weight while he was compelled to speak the most sentimental and passions. language to her. Things on the stage are

what they seem to observers in the aud

Mayor Chapin's Beautiful Wife, What a handsome couple, to be sure, !
Honor and Mrs. Chapin make! As they sat the reviewing stand opposite Washington Pathey were objects of admiration for a multitue. The Mayor, erect, dignified, almost austere times, bore himself with less than his habita reserve, and pleasantly greeted all who came within reach of his cordial handshake. Mrs. Chapin shone as brilliantly as a co summer mourning, which ornamented her faultless figure to perfection, she was as graceful, modest, and generally attractive as any lady who ever appeared here in public. Invidious comparison of the respective charms of Mesdames Chapin and Cleveland would be ungallant. It will not be out of order, however to say that they are both remarkable types of American beauty. In their general style the bear a striking resemblance. Both are tall, shapely and imposingly majestic. Mrs. Cleveland is a triffe more robust, perhaps, than Mrs. Chapin; but the Mayor's wife is far from fragile. Her cheeks blend the colors of perfect health, and her eyes are lustruous with the sparkle of youthful vitality. She carries her head alertly poised on a neck that would drive a sculptor into rhapsodies. There is about her manner an admiring charm that irresistibly attracts the admiring approval of the bachelor. She is as refined and cultivated as she is attractive in person, and is, moreover possessed a wonderfully bright intellect that invests h conversation with a brilliancy that is almost

A Reminiscence of an Editor.

Boston Herald. Forty years and more ago the late Dr. Ripley, for many years literary editor of the New York Tribune, and Mr. Charles A. Dana, the well-known editor of the New York Sun, were prominent members of the famous Brook Farm community. A new house had just been built, ar as it was to furnish sleeping accomonly, it was built upon sills placed upon ground, without any cellar or stone foundate It was occupied by Dr. Ripley, Mr. Dana an several other bachelor members of the commuity. Saturday afternoon was, even at that car day, recognized as a sort of half boliday, an the members were in the habit of devoting it a visit to Boston to call upon friends and make necessary purchases. Late one Saturday night Dr. Ripley returned from the city, but found it impossible to get into the house. The door would not open, neither would the windoors. Examination and inquiry showed that,
during the absence of his associates, Mr. Dune
had suddenly come to the conclusion that the
house needed a cellar, and, suiting the action to
to the word, had provided himself with pick and shovel and set to work, single and alone. He did not produce much of a cellar, but he managed to let down one corner of the thouse so as to make every door and window "bind" past ail hope of opening. It was so thoroughly choracteristic of the man, whom they all esteem and whom they had practically accepted better or for worse, that his associates out smiled, and on Monday morning set to word t undo the damage he had done by propping u the sunken corner.

Objects to Ladies of the Opera

London Trath.

The Archbishop of Paris has refused to allow Verdi's "Requiem" to be given in Notre Dame, on the ground that ladies of the opera were to sing in it. The "Recutem" has been given under similar conditions at all the principal conditions at all the principal conditions.